Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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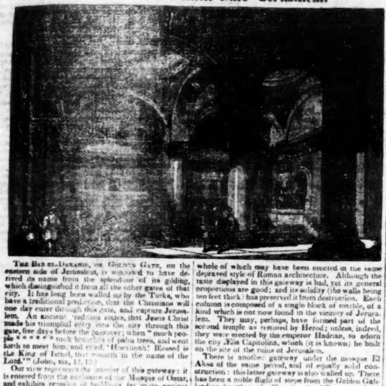
Interior of the Golden Gate—Jerusalem.



The Bab-el-Daharie, or Golden Gate, on the eastern side of Jerusalem, is supposed to have derived its name from the splendour of its gilding, which distinguished it from all the other gates of that city. It has long been walled up by the Turks, who have a traditional prediction, that the Christians will one day enter through this gate, and capture Jerusalem. An ancient tradition states, that Jesus Christ made his triumphal entry into the city through this gate, five days before the passover; when "much people * * * * * * took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, 'Hosannah! Blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord.'" (John, xix, 12, 13.)

Our view represents the interior of this gateway: it is entered from the enclosure of the Mosque of Omar, and exhibits remains of buildings far more ancient than that mosque, which is in the Saracenic style of architecture, while the capitols of the columns are evidently of a debased composite order. There is, indeed, very great probability for concluding that the Golden Gateway is a construction of King Herod, on his rebuilding the second temple at Jerusalem; the whole of which may have been erected in the same depraved style of Roman architecture. Although the taste displayed in this gateway is bad, yet its general proportions are good; and its solidity (the walls being ten feet thick) has preserved it from destruction. Each column is composed of a single block of marble, of a kind which is not now found in the vicinity of Jerusalem. They may, perhaps, have formed part of the second temple as restored by Herod; unless, indeed, they were erected by the emperor Hadrian, to adorn the city Ælia Capitolina, which (it is known) he built on the site of the ruins of Jerusalem.

There is another gateway under the mosque El Aksa of the same period, and of equally solid construction: this latter gateway is also walled up. There has been a noble flight of steps from the Golden Gate leading directly to the Temple; the difference of level being very considerable, not less than twenty-five or thirty feet, in the judgment of the ingenious artist who executed the original sketch of the Golden Gate, whence our view is engraved, and who was the *first* European that have ever examined these two gateways.

STANZAS TO ***.

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted,
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shiver'd,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd
To pain—it shall not be its slave;
There is many a pang to pursue me:
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake
Though loved, thou forbearest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never couldst shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful 'twas not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'Twas folly not sooner to shun;
And if dearly that error has cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perish'd
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd
Deserved to be dearest of all:
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.—Byron.

From Atkinson's Casket.

JAMIE LOON,

OR A TALE OF THE PAST.

Heed not their smiles, for 'neath a kiss
The canker worm of hate;
To kiss—is but to court your death,
To wither by its upas breath,
And meet a captive's fate.

At the foot of the Allegheny ridge, and not far from the head waters of the Juniata, there stood, towards the close of the last century, a beautiful little country house—surrounded by pleasant fields of cultivated land, and more immediately embowered with "many a vine and many a flower," the dwelling of Mr. Henry, had deservedly obtained the name of Primrose Place. The house itself was small, but tasteful, and, under the fairy hand of an only daughter, had [illegible] its neighbours in those little elegancies which are so rarely found in a newly settled country. [illegible]

[illegible]

loosened in the yard, and every customary precaution taken before ten o'clock; and joking and tittering, the maid servants separated to their respective rooms, while their young mistress lay down to dream of her parting with her lover.

It was midnight, the hour of gnomes and spirits, when a dark figure flitted across the edge of the wood, and then disappeared; another and another followed, and then the view relapsed into its moonlight quietness. There lay the forest wrapped in the stillness of a summer night, and at its verge wandered the little river murmuring on as it ever did, the only thing that broke the silence of the beautiful night.

It was indeed a holy sight, the calmness of repose had settled on all around, and the landscape appeared as if wrapped in slumber; while high above the moon was sailing slowly on, now hidden beneath the light fleecy clouds that were scattered over the heavens, and now bursting from the misty covert, and pouring her silvery light over hill and glade and stream. The mind in gazing on it was lifted above the littleness of earth, and seemed to hold companionship with the eternal stars.—But again did a dark shadow emerge from the forest's verge, and advancing a short distance into the field, disclosed the figure of an Indian; with one hand he held the accustomed rifle, and with the forefinger of the other pointing to the house, directed the attention of his now advancing companions in that quarter.

"Does the Red Fox know the wigwam of the white man with the brand?" asked he.

"Does the eagle know the nest of his mate or the haunts of his foe?" demanded the person thus addressed.

"Then like the eagle will he pounce upon the young, or shall we go again to our wigwams and say to our women, 'see we have brought you nothing?'"

"When the Red Fox is a dog he may change," said the other, heedless of the hidden taunt. "go—were the heart of a warrior to fail him, he should be taught to stay in the village with the women, and hoe the corn and spin, while his brothers are on the war path."

"The warriors that are here fear not," exclaimed the other—drawing himself up in conscious bravery, "come, let us go."

Slowly and stealthily, in obedience to the movements of their seeming leaders, did the company of savages approach the devoted house; with crouching forms they crept along under the shadow of the trees and fences until they had attained the little garden of Adeline, but here they were for a moment stopped by the watchfulness of the large dog, who rushed upon them barking furiously the while; a blow from the tomahawk of the leader brought him to the dust, however, and before the wounded beast could rise, the knife of the savage had passed across his throat. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ... engraved.

Jamie Loon,
[illegible]
Requiescat in pace.

"Yes, sir, and the old man (I don't think he'd like that queer Hebrew or something that the squire calls it) sat on the bench, in squire's porch, the day afore he died, and told it all to me; and said he, you see I took it coolly and pretended to fall, and so caught the varmint in that trap; for as soon as he dropped his piece to scalp me, I sprang up and shot the thief and then started after the squire, and just got up time enough to stop the 'tother Injun from scalping the young woman that's squire's wife now, and a sweet young lady she was; and I just took him on the muzzle [illegible], and that's what I call an uncommonly good shot, (there's few now a days can do it,) and the next day the old man died, and there he lies, sir," sighed the [illegible] guardian of the dead as he extended his hand for the customary perquisite.

GORDON.

LETTERS FROM AFRICA.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LETTER XVI.

During our passage from Bougia to Bona, I again amused myself with reading Leo Africanus, particularly his account of the place to which we were steering. Bona, according to Leo, is situated more than a mile (*in seconda miliaria*) from an ancient town called Hippo, which was founded by the Romans, and where the divine Augustine held his bishoprick. At the fall of the Roman empire, Hippo, or Hippona submitted to the Goths; but it was afterwards burnt by the Arabs. At the end of a great many years a new city was built out of the ruins of the ancient one, which is still called Bona by the Christians, but by the Arabs Bled el Huneb, or the town of Jujubs, on account of [illegible]

[illegible]

for a couple of hours. To be sure, when our horses snuffed the country air, they showed a disposition to scamper off without regard to order, but we reined them in pretty well till the end of our journey. We passed an eminence that was guarded by a company of Turks. I will tell you by-and-by how it happens that the French have Turkish soldiers in their pay near Bona. The guard of Turks turned out in long file to salute the General. They were tall, fine men, and I admired their gracefulness in performing the ceremony. They did not present their muskets, but kept them within their arms whilst they folded their hands to their breasts, bowing their heads as in the accus- [illegible]

[illegible]

tory of a subsequent siege after General Damremont had deserted Bona, we shall not be disposed to rank this defence among the first-rate feats of heroism. On the 19th of August, a squadron of four ships arrived from Algiers, bringing at once intelligence of the revolution of the Barricades in Paris, and an order for General Damremont and all his force to reimbark for Algiers. It was supposed that Gen. Bourmont meditated throwing himself with the whole French African army, if he could persuade them to follow him, into the South of France, and there to erect the Bourbon standard. Whether he entertained this project or not, he at least thought it fit that the garrison of Bona [illegible]

[illegible]

followers, to back his eloquence, as I suspect it was I cannot determine. At all events, the enterprise was consummately heroic. Joseph was rewarded for it by an appointment to the command of the Turkish garrison, and he admitted many French within the citadel walls. He had not however, been long in his authority, when he discovered that the Turks were conspiring to assassinate him, and also to massacre all the French in the town as well as in Kasbah. On the intelligence, he went immediately to Captain D'Armandy, warned him of the danger, and declared to him that he knew but one means of warding it off. "[illegible] must march out of the citadel," he said, "with all my [illegible]

[illegible]

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LACONICS.——No. XII.

The envious man wishes to be superior, not by raising himself, but by pulling others down; and their prosperity, nay even their genius and their virtue, are to him matter not of joy, but of anguish: which is part of the character we ascribe to the devil. The envious man sets an example of selfishness, rancor, pride, and almost every other perversity incident to a despicable mind. Envy is a proof, not only of malignity, but of incapacity also. Hence it is that no man is willing to acknowledge himself liable to this detestable passion; for that would be to provoke and acquiesce in his own disgrace.

Modest persons observe uniform and unaffected manners; they seek not to aggrandise themselves in the estimation of the world, neither do they solicit its applause; when it is bestowed upon them for trifles which are not in themselves meritorious, they scarcely feel its impression, and when unjustly withheld they are by no means disquieted about it. They have no exalted ideas of their own merit, and therefore do justice freely to the merit of others; they praise them without repugnancy, and hear them applauded without envy. None but exalted minds are capable of such sentiments: those who are so, never complain that we do not show them sufficient deference, nor disagree with us because we have omitted some slight formality, or have not bowed quite low enough: they seek not to soar above their equals, nor complain of the injustice of any marked predilection in their favor; modest persons if they have some good qualities, know also that they are counterbalanced by many imperfections, to which they pretend not to be blind; so that when refused the praises they deserve, the sight of those imperfections humbles them and [illegible]

[illegible]

From the New York Evening Star.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN IN EAST FLORIDA.

BY JAMES W. SIMMONS.

WONDERFUL SPRING.

The next morning our friend and self,—attended by one of the fort guides, to whom the General politely allowed to accompany us to "man" our boat—repaired to a spring about three miles from the Agency, of which we had heard a great deal—for the purpose of at once seeing and bathing in it. It was a large, long piece of water, probably two miles in length, calm and unagitated; with the breeze just ruffling its surface as it spouted, seemingly charmed, along its four exquisite, fairy channels that grove and land, that hung upon its borders; while in liquid tapes it lured, as if by music.

"The Lily's flowers in the waters sweet,
That seemed on fresh from the heavens to meet;
By the star-scattering hand of night there shed."

The traveller who, in passing, sees a would feral landing depot, or fort, or Agency, in common parlance for watering his horse, would never imagine that behind those dark and thick woods, as if caravanned from heaven here, there lay a scene so dream-like and so wishing!

"Yet solemn was that deep, solitude,
Gorgeous and saint, pensive and still,
As Eden, when earliest morn was breathing."

We pushed off in our boat, and soon found ourselves dashing upon a clear transparency of water to the depth of forty feet. The appearance that presented itself was one of singular and striking beauty. It was that of a spacious floor inlaid with gold and precious stones of every variety of brilliancy, and which, in relief to the large black fish that floated lazily along in that far depth, like pests of the place, to whom alone were known the secrets of this wonderful abyss! As we lay, stretched yet still, upon the surface of that magic water, scarcely realizing the wrapt scene! we almost fancied, that some tenant of the place, with the manner, less elegant—all was so wild and wierd! To bathe, to love our limbs in those sacred waters, was temptation scarcely not resist. The thought, too, that perhaps we were the first to break the virgin beauty of its crystal surface, had its charm and exciting charm. Yet it seemed almost a sin!—for was it not a scene

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love!"

Nevertheless, in we plunged! and, whether first or fastest, we certainly thought it the most delicious bath we had ever revelled in! The water was, in truth, softer than the softest air! We seemed to float a new life with its touch! Presently, however, to our horror, a large alligator made its sudden appearance within a few yards of us—swimming to a point near the shore where, it occurred to us, that he was going to take his stand, and watch his time! The appearance of a creature so rude in such a scene, dispelled our dream—and then we thought the water just like any other water! Not for the love of the world! no! no! no! that that colors all our objects—giving to them their power to curse, or bless! and signal is the doom either—we by the hand that breaks the spell without destroying the measure of its charm!

Our friend, who had been accustomed to see alligators, and, fortunately too, to swimming as they sought he, but so they are—continued his gambols in the Spring, until fairly tired when he got out, and we retreated to the fort.

The day by with the fate of the Seminoles, the day for the second and last trial, was at hand, and heavily in clouds, too, it came on. The rural scenery was abandoned, and the busy area of the barrack selected for the conference. There was increased interest felt on the occasion, which lead the effect of thronging the place at an early hour. Those who could not see were to content to listen. The arrangements were in general pretty much after the fashion of the first day, except that General Clinch, by way, we presume, of emphasis, had placed his sword upon the table before him, and directly opposite to the Indians, as if it would say, "Take Heed!" General Thompson was busily engaged in selecting a budget of papers on another table, while the hurried of coffee stood ready at his post. On the other side sat Jumper with his scarlet and deadly eyes, contracted forehead, but very prominent nose: altogether a hideously fine and forbidding visage. There, too, was Micanopy, a fat, sensual, piece of straw between his lips, as if to conceal the workings of the face, with his head on one side, and looks fixed upon the floor. Then one observed Ote Emathla, Bull, the "Governor" appeared not, and the Indians were told that he was "sick!" Then Holatoochee, a man of fine countenance, and a gentleman from the tail of cheeks!" and then he sat again, angry and annoyed at what he believed to be a mere trick of Micanopy's. The Indians heard, but heeded not, the sentence that pronounced upon the "Governor," for they never close enemies. And now, all countenances being once more composed, General Thompson rose slowly and impressively, and the hall was with every eye fixed upon him, was in the act of putting forth his right arm, so as to suit the action to the word now quivering on the tongue it was almost to leave forever, when the tale of the flooring suddenly gave way, and we were all officers and men, tables, benches, paper, ink and pens, precipitated to the bottom! Everything suddenly ludicrous somersets as down we went—a series of "general and half tumblings!" was quite involuntary; but which the Indians did not at all relish, for they instantly raised a shout that recalled us to our senses—for it was a very fine proclamation! treachery!—treasonable to the treaty! They thought themselves betrayed. A loud burst of laughter, on our part, soon undeceived them; and then they seemed to enjoy the ludicrous accident as much as we did. No body knew, however, how soon matters might started, we now began to poke ourselves up as well as we could. Some had broken their heads over them, others with their legs in the air, and not a few view between the more bodily bodies with which they had been precipitated from. Order being restored, the business of the morning went on, but little to the advantage of either party; and at length the council was dissolved, leaving the Indian opposition to treaty nearly as formidable as before.

General Clinch took leave of the Agency a year or two after, and, thinking it was time to—ship to get rid of the Agent also, whom, up to that moment, he had effectually duped, proceeded to the quarters of General Thompson, who had ordered him to leave the place! The General was not yet ripe for open hostilities: failed to remove the during Micanopy, and he was put to arms. To effect his release, he made a promise: and he performed it—but he stupid there! The Indian was now assembled from that hour, and he resolved to strike a blow which we should feel—would have not felt it! Fort Drane-like was abandoned, he was good, and as an Indian was. In fact he was a large settlement, small but. He lived, in many respects like the white man. He was the white man's friend—in favor of his peaceful, amiable, and set the example, in driving in his cattle for sale, and—Creeks also him! The friendly Indians fled to our forts for protection—the hostiles rolling around Fowltown was had quickly flattened!

Let us imagine the lapse of a few months and we are brought to

THE CAMPAIGN.

We pass over the battle of the Ouithlacoochy, in December, for we were not present at it. We say the battle, because, without at all impugning the prowess, bravery, and skill that fight the Indians on that river in the following February, as it is right they should have had, and Gen. Scott's affair with them, a little afterward pretty at the same place, was a perfect rush. General Gaines represented the Indian force at 1500, as he believed—an over-estimate, as the opinion of all with whom we have conversed upon the subject. But, granting the 1500, he had 1500—for very frequently at an evening, as May the river was in the way—neither river nor no bridges for years to come! very far, either, from where Gaines threw up his breast work. We are at the mouth of the Big Wahoo, and with him, from Camp King, rations for ten days—with seven he could be at Tampa Bay—and in five from the river. As a want of ammunition for he wounded, as easy he raised a ball. Did our General go and feel—telling him to such contemptuous? Did Generals Gaines expect by insulting Gen. Scott's country a victory something that enemy? And if he did not, did he intend to give him battle? If so, how was it that he was unprepared?

View the matter in what light we may, it is unexplicable.

With regard to the battle of the Ouithlacoochy, there is one more thing to remember with that, that we shall not forget. It was the first and more cordial respect for the officer who presided on that occasion, than we have, but the people of Florida have asked, why, with the means in hand of crushing the Indians in their wilds, he yet failed to do it? *He* was now 500 men perfectly to remain on one side of the river, and masters of the field that was going on upon the other? Colonel Warren, of Jacksonville, whose guidance of a steamboat, with the General, sent to men to was with difficulty alarmed to get over, named the refreshing tone of Clinch from being out to pursue—cautiously and repeatedly sought and said that he wished to take over at least all the men—whenever General Call might think proper to do with his Tallahassee volunteers—and, with awards drawn, ready to cleave them down if they stayed, the men were ordered and left the other! We fear it will not be to say that an attack was expected on that side. The Indians were on *their* side, most of the river, and were fighting Clinch up to the elbows: here, then, he wanted *all his force*. But it was prevent it. he been read he knew how on the other side of the river at once necessary, he re-treat secrets it—it *would not have been necessary to retreat*, had he pushed on. Gen. Scott's battles are perfected in transporting men and supplies to the respective points which they are to be forwarded. The very elements appeared to be against us, and for we were nearly and nearly all. The weather, for weeks, was such as to make prisoners of us to the house: it was impossible to move to the forward troops and provisions with the celerity that had been anticipated. Gen. Gaines, in person, was continually illuminated by the finest spirit, had come on "in spite of hindrances," on arriving down at the river opposite Picolata, and finding themselves up to their knees in water, and with the rain falling almost through them; and with nothing—nothing—in general to shelter them except the tumbling and tempestuous river, and a few poor reeds that had been erected as a temporary shelter—absolutely turned back! Gen. Gaines was not on the scene, and trotted home again! General Floyd, of Georgia—a brave and worthy officer, and soul of chivalry!—disappointed in obtaining the command which he had returned for the Creek General, who, by the way, has very much the air and carriage of the Indian—tall, erect, of sturdy limb, and with a head of hair that, brown is lacks like the raven's, and with as eye as when a boy! Florida is every sparkle—should have been an accession to either wing of that army, and to the success of it. But the services were not secured. He is one of the most accomplished men in our country: a master of every gentlemanly and elevated art: set with his various and surprising skill in strategy and tactics in the minds of a spirit as fine as generous as it is romantically gallant. Would him, have been the man for Florida! Believing that with him went a sincere of war. Then came the astounding catastrophe of Dade's massacre, with his 107 men, and visited Camp *King*, and there made serious inroads on our supplies. Then, as the reader will recollect, the intelligence we had had of he being in Florida with a force, and was consequently sent to require for his presence there. We know it is said that he in his dispatches to the Government, take him at Pensacola, requiring him to repair elsewhere—to repair to the Mexican frontier! We believe it, as no one of the gentlemen were not obeyed, and the General prosecutes his campaign. But why did he not get there, would that he had done something to atone for the fault of losing Dade's men? It is a dreadfully worse than nothing—and in more respects than one—to have commenced the campaign at the very outset. First, by the consumption of supplies at Fort King, which, when Gen. Scott arrived at Fort Scott, who had been charged with the consumption of them, he found to be so much in excess of his fattening the herd before the springs was and a fit for the campaign, which, so far as any regular plan could be available against such an enemy, was, without doubt, the case—and perhaps rendered abortive by this movement on the part of Gen. Gaines—who could not have disturbed upon the river, (where they were above it, and below in all but force,) to attack the blood, but for his most untoward and unmilitary movement, have remained where they were, on the all the three divisions of the regular army marching from three separate points, could have met within a day's march of the point of attack. This was the plan—a plan that would most probably have succeeded—and had been communicated by General Gaines—who so prefaced to give the command to Gen. Scott, and, in the circumstances, he was the more especially bound to do.

We desire to be distinctly understood, as being neither the partizan nor apologist of, indeed, any of the parties concerned in this matter, for we, from any personal motive whatever, the impugner of General Gaines's conduct. We only exercise the right of expressing our opinions upon a matter of public import, founded as we conceive upon facts, and in the spirit of candor.

It was under auspices, then, not the most flattering, that on the 16th of March, the campaign opened under General Scott. On arriving at Fort Drane, he found that General Gaines had gone down the river to Black Creek the day before, on his way to Fort Clinch. He joined a detachment, consisting of seven men, two officers, and Major Dade's command, which all told was men—with 60 miles of road before us, known to be infested with Indians, and requiring to be cut through. Upon Camp Izard's encampment that night, we were five miles from the river—here our bateaux broke down, and abandoned the expedition as hopeless. He met with no bad weather, no difficulties, except that of the road, and that staggering it out there for three weeks—out of pig, out of soap, and, but of salt, which was literally besieged, was not allowed time to rot in the face of the main force of the Indians, and some whether he was white or black, or to wring the water from his dripping apparel and we were all pretty much in the same case, ere he was required to unluck his stores. The night being raw and chilly, we kindled a large pine fire—and with the vapour steaming from our backs, and the heat from our breasts almost to encircle the trees into our bleared and inflamed eyes, we presented a picture that Milton's devils must have descended to earth to escape the "Stygian flood." The Sutler, no being left, in spite of the predominant rain, and a ridiculous note ensued. One fellow would go of struggle and emerge with a pair of new boots," a world too wide for his shrunk shanks. JAMES HOLLAND, Chairman. JOHN WEIGAND, W. H. KEATING, THOS. ALEXANDER.

The resolution and ordinances attached to the report were taken up for consideration and passed. Adjourned.

MONTHLY REPORT.

The General Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, for the month, have been insured at their office No. 129 Chestnut street during the past month

12 Merchants.
4 Clerks and Accountants.
2 Physicians.
1 Attorney at Law.
1 Clergyman.
2 Manufacturers.
10 other persons.

Of these there are insured for 1 year $ 21
and under 2 years, 5
whole life, 11

Of these there are insured for $2,500 7
and under 5,000 10
5,000 and under 10,000 7
500 and under 1,000 3

By premiums reports there were 98, making a total of 135 persons insured.

Universal History in Perspective.—This is a new work, principally intended for the instruction of young persons, and for the use of schools and families, but believe many old persons may derive much pleasure from its perusal. Mr. Goodrich, the Troy Female Seminary, author of the "Book of Nations," "Child's History of England," and lately of "Peter Parley," has produced a work that the reader not only with the main facts of history, but also with the order in which they occurred, which will enable him to arrange whatever facts at interest that he may afterwards acquire in their proper chronological order. The maps and charts are very full and clear, and have been studied. The little true which bears its name is full of interest: makes one feel as if he were in the presence of the large and lofty whose attendant spirits were ever conversant with him.

This compend of history, which is contained in a neat duodecimo of about 400 pages, is divided into three grand parts, instead of two, as in usual—a division which, it is believed, will speedily find favor with the public, and, indeed, with all, and modern history.

The work is accompanied by an atlas, very neatly executed, exhibiting Chronology in a perspective view, and presenting to the eye a clear series of maps. It is well written, elegantly and handsomely printed, and altogether it is one far superior to any other summary of history which has come under our notice.—*Nat. Int.*

We learn from the Beaver Argus, that "Mr. Gill, Principal Engineer of the Sandy and Beaver Canal Company, is now engaged in making a survey of that part of the line in the vicinity of Bayard's, and to a few miles beyond. It is already ascertained that the line along the valley of Sandy will be much shorter than it was supposed it would be when the route was first surveyed. It is also

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, August 6, 1836.

COLLECTIONS.

Mr. William A. Pierce, has started on a collecting tour through New Jersey, and will shortly visit all the post offices and towns in the state. Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post and Casket, who have not yet paid their subscriptions to the end of the present year, will please leave the amount due, at their residences so as to afford Mr. Pierce facilities in his collecting, and they will thereby much oblige us. Under the most favorable circumstances, a collector finds many difficulties to contend with.

Persons disposed to patronize our valuable and elegant new publication, the National Atlas, to commence about the first of August; will please furnish Mr. Pierce with their names and a year's subscription—$3—on subscribing.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Mr. Sparks says that Madison's draft of this address, was "consulted" by Washington, and nothing more. So far from Madison's having *written* the address, it appears that the draft of it, made by him, was drawn up from a previous letter addressed to him, and written, by Washington.

This settles the question as to the authorship of the "Farewell Address."

DR. DRAPER'S LECTURES.

On Wednesday last, Dr. Draper gave his concluding Lecture on popular Medicine, in the Hall of the Franklin Institute, to a numerous and highly gratified assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen. Dr. Draper, we understand, proceeds to New York, where he will repeat his course of Lectures, previous to his Fall engagements in this city; and we have no doubt that he will receive there, as he has done here, the encouragement due to his talents and learning.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS PHILLIPPE.

A second attempt, it seems, has been made to assassinate the "Citizen King" of the French. His escape was a very narrow one—the particulars of which we are obliged to postpone till next week.

The jury, in the case of Norton against Melbourn, have returned a verdict for the defendant.

GENERALS SCOTT AND JESSUP.

The exposition of the circumstances connected with the recal of Gen. Scott from his command in the South, which has recently been made public, reflects, in every point of view, deep and lasting discredit, we should say, disgrace, upon the government at Washington.—If there be any branch of the public service that should be free from the spirit and the trammels of party, and from proscriptions for opinion's sake, as well as from the deplorable effects of selfish and unprincipled *intrigue*, it is surely that of our Army and Navy. Tainted, indeed, must be the body politic, when the contagion of party spirit is found to extend even to those arms of the public service, selecting as its victims those who best uphold and adorn them. The long and distinguished military career of General Scott, might at least have shielded *him* from the envious and envenomed shafts that have been aimed at him by those whose stations in and under the government, devolved upon them the high duty of averting, rather than of wielding, the missiles of meanness and malice, which, however in the end they may recoil upon the heads of those who have recourse to them, yet often inflict a wound which the *rust* of the weapon, unfortunately, as often fails to cure.—That the recal of General Scott has been the result of an unprincipled intrigue, is fully manifest; and that he will succeed in confounding his enemies, and bringing his pure fame unsoiled out of the ordeal now preparing for him at Washington, no one acquainted with his character and career, can for a moment doubt.—The letter of General Jessup to the editor of the Globe, will be found in another column.

THE "GREASY REPUBLICANS."

In looking over Littell's last "Museum" for the month of July, we were attracted by the caption of one of the articles—"Private Life of Lafayette,"—from Fraser's London Magazine. We think the *expunging process*, adopted by our Southern friends, in relation to every new publication carrying with it a taint of abolitionism within their borders, might very properly have been applied to the article in question. It is a sneering, disparaging, and most contemptuous notice of one who derived from the friendship of Washington, a passport to universal esteem, which none but an enemy to that liberty of which they were the apostles and champions, would refuse to acknowledge and respect. Whatever may have been the merits of Lafayette's political career in his own hemisphere, his early and disinterested devotion to our country, at a time when the knife,—wielded by no weak or [illegible] hand,—had been aimed at the throat of her infant freedom, deserves, and must always continue to receive, the unfeigned gratitude and fervent veneration of the descendants of those by whose side he battled for a cause which his virtues had conspired to make his own—however a foreign hireling, or hater of our institutions, may seek to sully and depress his fame.

Speaking of Lafayette's reception in this country, in 1824, the writer in the London Magazine, remarks, "He was nothing but a stalking horse for *greasy republicans, who were delighted to parade a gentleman in their ranks.*" These "*greasy republicans*" were the President and Senate of the United States, and House of Representatives—the Governors and Legislative bodies of the several States—members of the different learned societies and professions—in short, the combined intelligence and patriotism of our country, which, however "greasy," is at least not indebted for its unction to the hands of a King's minister, or his minion—and, if [illegible]ased, always, by the presence of a "gentleman," gives proof that it knows how to appreciate good manners, and to distinguish between a well bred man and an impudent scribler.

INDIANS HOSTILITIES.

The continued depredations upon life and property committing by the Florida Indians, are perpetrated with a degree of *impunity* that ought to awaken indignation against the government of the country—for, in every such case, it is to the government that we must look,—to the War Department at Washington—to account for the failures or the feebleness of those to whose hands they assign the responsible task of arresting the progress, or of redressing the wrongs done by enemies within or beyond our borders. It is now nearly *nine* months since a comparative handful of hostile Indians first raised the war cry in East Florida, and yet its echoes are still heard from the Suwannee to the Cape. But that which we would particularly advert to, is the conduct of those in command of the different military posts throughout the territory. It is a notorious fact, that at the commencement of the war, the Indians were quietly permitted, in a hundred instances, to possess themselves of stores—supplies—grain, cattle, horses—within *a few miles*, frequently, of these military posts—upon places whence their owners had fled just in time to *save their lives*—and compelled to leave behind them, in too many instances, *all* that they possessed. Our troops, the while, continued *within their pickets*, as if they had been sent there for no other purpose than to take care of *themselves*. The stores thus taken by the Indians, were not only so much property lost to the inhabitants (who are told, at the same time, that they must not look to the *government* for compensation,) but were of the nature of *supplies furnished the enemy*—manifestly so; and it is in this way, in a great measure, that the Indians have been enabled to prolong the struggle. But there is a yet more serious charge incurred by these military posts. Indian signs, as they are called—trails—moccasin tracks—will for days—day after day—be *reported* to these posts—scouting parties of the enemy will be known to be in *their vicinity*—hovering around the dwellings of the planters, who, in that sparsely settled country, are unable to *unite* for their own protection—and what do these military do, on receiving assurances of the *presence* of the Indian enemy?—why they continue *drilling the men within the pickets*—burnishing their arms—placing and relieving sentinels, *within the pickets*—ready, when a house has been burned, and its *inmates murd red*, to march in pursuit of the enemy—in pursuit of an enemy who *has done* all the mischief he can do—has been *permitted* to do—and which he does in double quick time, invariably—snapping his fingers, and laughing, as he flies, at his lame and blind pursuers, who *will* not see him when at his work of devilishness in the *open grounds*; and *cannot* see him *ten* minutes after—for then he is in the hammock! In this way it is, that the people of Florida in the interior, the planters and farmers—have been either murdered, or despoiled of their property—the military posts, established in the territory for the protection of its inhabitants, remaining within pickets, while the work of death or pillage is going on—though forewarned of it—and very gallantly sallying out after the mischief is done, and the enemy *beyond reach*. Col. Hallows—the gentleman recently shot by a band of marauding Indians, while sitting in the room of his house on the St. John's river—had for years been living, surrounded by a most interesting family, in the quiet enjoyment of his home and grounds on that river—and in a moment his property is swept away by the ruthless hand of the savage enemy, and himself shot down—and this within a few miles of the *pickets* at Picolata! Of the other gentleman (Dr. Simmons) who was fortunately instrumental, at the risque of his own life, in saving Col. Hallows from the *scalping* knife of the Indians—it may not become us to speak,—unless to say that, though living entirely alone, he was one of the few who had *never abandoned* his place, because never susceptible of *panic*—but had continued to cultivate his small farm upon the river, to the last hour—with a promising crop springing up around him, to reward his industry, and sustain his uncompromising spirit of independence—and in a moment he, too, is driven from his anchorage—sent adrift—cut off from his resources—and all this the blessed work of our government, who so managed as to *provoke* the Indians into their present attitude, which for nine months it has suffered them to maintain, to the infinite cost of those who had no hand in bringing about the war, and whom the government were bound to protect. But not only has the government failed to protect them, by an adequate military force, in a war brought on by that government, or by the ill-conduct of its Indian Agents, and others, but has most *justly* resolved not to compensate them for any losses they may sustain at the hands of the enemy—that enemy whom the government, we repeat, or its guilty agents, may almost be said to have commissioned to visit with fire and sword the peaceful dwellings of the inhabitants of Florida, whose claims for *spoliations* thus committed upon their property, are surely as well founded as were any of those which, from time to time, the government has been brought to acknowledge, and to liquidate.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

GEOLOGY—NO. 1.

The progress of geology within the last quarter of a century, is unparalleled in the History of science. But a few years since, and an individual could not be found in the American Republic, who was acquainted with our most common rocks, or with the general structure of the earth; now, it is not uncommon to find the members of infant schools familiar with the names, the properties and uses of nearly all the rocks, and the most useful ores. The time is certainly near, when geology will be generally considered as elementary and as necessary as its sister science, geography, and more important than the theory of grammar.

The practice of using some small manual on geology as a book for reading lessons in schools, which is now becoming common, has already produced results decidedly beneficial, and not less on the highly important and miserably defective art of reading, than on the progress of science. No fact is more fully proved by experience, than that one of the best modes of improving the character of reading in schools, would be to substitute books of science, and of useful knowledge, generally, for the collections of scraps found in all our school books for reading, and some manual on geology as one of the first. This science treats of things around us and under our feet, and of course leads children to observe, to examine, and to collect specimens in illustration of their reading lessons in school, or at home, if those lessons relate to some subject.

Connected with the science of geology, various arts have progressed with a rapidity which would otherwise have been impossible. Agriculture, civil engineering, and various manufactories, have received an aid and a stimulus from the progress of geological science, which has opened many new sources of wealth, while it has added greatly to the success of those before resorted to.

A farmer in Maryland, sold a lot of land not long since for a thousand dollars, which but for the discoveries made upon it by geologists, was not valued at a hundred dollars. By the application of marl, discovered in the progress of geology, many farms, both in Maryland and New Jersey, have been rendered highly productive, which before were not worth cultivating or fencing.

Copperas, chrome yellow, epsom salts, alum, and many other ingredients essential in the arts, are now made from materials collected, from our own hills, mountains, and vallies; and of so good a quality, and at so cheap a rate, as wholly to stop the importation of those articles. Chrome yellow has been reduced in price from sixteen dollars, to fifty, if not to twenty-five cents, a pound. Copperas, which is made almost spontaneously, from a material found in exhaustless abundance, in various parts of our country, has become so cheap, that the expense of getting it to market is equal to that of manufacturing. A mere list of articles recognised as the fruits of science, would swell an essay on the subject beyond a proper length.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Bulletin notices as a curious fact, that the names of the leading men who have figured in our country terminate with *on*—for instance:

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Jackson, Clinton, Livingston, Hopkinson, Harrison, Wilkinson, Singleton, Marion, Middleton, Fulton, and in addition to these we have Houston, who is about establishing the independence of a country.

Thirteen names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence had the same termination, and the names of the greatest captains of their day end with the same letters.—Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington.—*N. Y. Star.*

FRUIT.

We invite attention to the following hints from a late number of the New Orleans Bee. We copy the article more with the object of eliciting some reasonable hints upon the subject from the pen of some experienced physician, than for the purpose of endorsing *all* the views of the writer, although he is no doubt partially correct. The fruit season is at hand,—and already the bills of mortality exhibit a fearful account of victims to summer complaint. A few hints, drawn from experience, would no doubt be attended with salutary consequences,—and possibly save more than one life. The intelligent and accomplished gentleman who conducted the Journal of Health still resides in this city, and if we are correctly informed, occasionally writes an article for one of our popular periodicals. He is just the man for the hints alluded to, and is, we trust, as good at taking a hint as he is capable of advising upon all questions connected with dietetics:

Eating Fruit.—Fruit of almost every description is now to be found in abundance in our market, and it may be well to inquire into its supposed deleteriousness on the health of our population. All are acquainted with the prejudice existing against the free use of domestic fruits—we very much question whether they have ever operated so unfavourably as is generally supposed. Would it not be quite as philosophical to discard bread stuffs, the various legguminous productions of the gardens, and the meats offered in the market, as to interdict the rich fruit which nature has scattered around us? In our opinion, the one is as frequently the cause of death as the other, and if a register of the deaths from using the two species of food were kept, we believe that the fact could be demonstrated. Eating and drinking have become too artificial: people consult their books or physician, oftener to discover how, when, and what sort of a meal they should be taking, than to ascertain the state of their stomachs. "Life," says a physician, "is thus reduced to an unnatural scale, and the capacity of the stomach measured, as a tidewaiter would measure the dimensions of a hogshead, instead of following the simple indications of hunger, which makes no dangerous mistakes under ordinary circumstances, in well regulated society. There is a vast difference between gorging beyond the ability of the stomach to relieve itself, and satisfying the cravings of appetite. Were an individual never guilty of any excesses, he would be exempt from the penalty invariably imposed on the breach of any law of the animal economy." Instead, therefore, of standing in any fear of a generous consumption of ripe fruits, we regard them as positively conductive to health. The very maladies commonly assumed to have their origin in a free use of apples, peaches, lemons, figs, &c., have been quite as prevalent, if not equally as destructive, in seasons, when there was little or no fruit. Naturalists will testify to the importance of the fruit season to the lower animals, particularly to birds. When there is a failure, or an insufficient supply, the feathered tribes are less musical, less numerous, and commence their migrations much earlier, than when amply supplied with the delicate nutrition designed for them at certain periods of the year. In the scheme of creative wisdom, the indications are clearly manifested that man is omniverous; and it was not until misled by the opinions of one, and perplexed by the ridiculous hypothesis of another, touching the subject of his food, of which he is himself better qualified to judge than the most learned physician in christendom, that he extinguished the faculty of discrimination implanted in his nature, to become the foot-ball of those who raise themselves in a short lived notoriety by giving to the unfounded theories the character only belonging to a well established fact.

There are so many erroneous notions entertained of the bad effects of fruits that it is quite time a counteracting impression should be promulgated, having its foundation in common sense, and based on the common observation of the intelligent. We have no patience in reading the endless rules to be observed in this particular department of physical comfort. No one, we imagine, ever lived longer, or freer from the paroxysms of disease, by discarding the delicious fruits of the land in which he finds a home. On the contrary, they are necessary to their appearance at the very time when the condition of the body, operated upon by deteriorating courses, not always understood, requires their grateful renovating influence.

The following extract of a letter from an intelligent gentleman in Mercer county, a section of this state but little known, will be read with interest. Our citizens make too little account of this interior of Pennsylvania; her resources and immense mineral wealth are beginning to develope themselves, and attention should be called to facts whenever an opportunity presents.

The coal alluded to, extends through Beaver county in inexhaustible quantities, as far south as the Ohio river, how much farther is yet unknown. This coal is a recent discovery made it is said, by accident. Some labourers conceiving it a species of slate, laid some slabs of it on the ground to form a hearth for their breakfast fire. In a short time afterwards it was ascertained to have been consumed. On further experiments it proved to burn with more intensity than the bituminous coal.

"The more I see of Mercer county the more satisfied I am of its value; and I believe the section along the Shenangoes, on its western side, from New Castle up to the Crawford line, about thirty miles, of the length of the county, is equal to the same number of acres in any part of this great state, and it contains great bodies of coal, part of it being *sui generis*, different from any yet discovered in the United States—a medium between Anthracite and Bituminous. It contains no sulphur whatever, and about one eighth to one-tenth of bitumen. It works the finest steel alone; and blacksmiths hauled it last winter for thirty, forty, and one fifty miles. Professor Rogers went over from this about the 20th ult. with the principal proprietor, Gen. Curtis, to examine the coal, and expressed himself highly pleased with it. He said it was *peculiar* in this country, and very similar (as the Welsh miner confirmed) to what is called the "*Dry Welsh Coal*" in England. Professor Rogers had no opportunity, then, of testing its peculiarity by chemical examination, but intended to do it at convenience, taking specimens with him; and he will, of course, make his own report of it to the State Legislature. The average thickness of the vein is about five feet. Independently of the mineral, the land is *first rate* for all farming purposes; the country is beautiful; and, by the canal, boundless markets will be opened to the Lakes and down to New Orleans—and why not *Cuba*, as the coal is said to be admirable for gas?"

"P. S.—Very superior iron ore is also said to abound not far from Sharon, or accessible to the canal, at a very moderate distance; and great water powers will be made by the location of the canal; thus there is every reasonable and flattering prospect for this section of Pennsylvania. It is only to be seen to be admired, and *Philadelphians* would study their own *interests* by cultivating a close intimacy with this part of this *matchless State*. Sharon is on the west side of Shenango."

The Pittsburg Advocate of the 28th ult. says: —"The Monongahela river is now in prime order for navigation—there being eight or nine feet of water in the channel. This rise has been as sudden as it was unexpected. It is unusual in mid summer to find the river in good navigable order."

In addition to the above pleasing information to western merchants, many of whom are now in this city, and of course it must be so to our own, our correspondent informs us that merchandise is frequently delivered at Cincinnati in *eleven* days from the time it is despatched from the store houses in this city; and we may add also that our merchants have supplied themselves with extensive assortments of goods suited to the western and southern trade—so that every facility is afforded the country merchants for the purchase and transportation of his merchandise, as well as the prosperity of our city increased and the interest of our business men promoted; and judging from the appearance of things in Market street, we conclude that all concerned are disposed to benefit themselves while they promote the interests of each other, together with the welfare of the whole community.

BRANCH BANK AT BEAVER.

The Beaver Argus of July 27, says:—"A committee of the Board of Directors of the Bank of the United States, Messrs. Tenn and Baylord, together with Messrs. W. B. Reed and Rodgers, of the city, were here last week, for the purpose of viewing our location, with the object of the establishment of a branch in this county. They examined the various spots pointed out to them, and from the facts they have obtained, will report to the Board, who will decide upon the location. The committee expressed their high gratification in their visit to this county, and were much pleased with it as a commercial, manufacturing and agricultural district. They perceived at once the advantages we possess in our geographical position, which, for commercial purposes, are very great, perhaps not excelled by any other on the river, which at no distant day, must render the mouth of Beaver an important point in the West. Our citizens were much pleased with the committee, and the gentlemen accompanying them, who, from their frankness, cordiality of manners, and gentlemanly deportment, won their confidence and regard. They left here for Erie, on Friday last, where they have a similar duty to perform.

The exports from New Orleans for the three months ending 30th of June, are estimated at $19000,000.

The President has appointed Robert Mills, Esq. Architect of the Public Buildings.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

To Prevent Hydrophobia.—A paragraph has been for some time circulating far and wide, in the columns of the newspapers, describing a very simple process by which it is affirmed that all danger of hydrophobia from the bite of a dog, however mad he may be, is completely obviated. The subject is important and interesting, especially at the present time, and we therefore make haste to place before our readers the following correspondence, in which more full and particular information of the remedy, or preventive, is given, than could be gathered from the paragraph referred to.

It is very possible that the prescription really possesses the efficacy ascribed to it by Mr. Richards, and we are certainly very far from questioning its value. We may be permitted to remark, however, that almost every thing is yet to be learned respecting that frightful ailment, and that the mere fact of hydrophobia not supervening in a number of cases where individuals have been bitten by dogs supposed or ascertained to be mad, does not by any means establish the efficacy of any remedial agent, taken as a preventive. It is the opinion of many able and judicious physicians that hydrophobia never follows a bite except when a nerve is lacerated; and it is therefore apparent, if this opinion is correct, that one individual may die of decided hydrophobia, while ten others, bitten by the same dog, may escape the disease, either with or without resorting to supposed preventive.

There is another medical opinion which also leads to the same result, namely, that no dog can communicate hydrophobia by biting, if he has himself received it from the bite of another dog: or, in other words, that the disease is caused solely by the bite of a dog which has become mad in consequence of extreme heat, or cold, or over exertion, or excessive and prolonged thirst, or whatever may be the first mysterious cause of canine madness. This opinion is generally entertained, we believe, by the profession, and if it is well founded, the fact obviously militates strongly against the presumed efficacy of any preventive. But we are not qualified to discuss the subject at length, and must leave the remedy described by Mr. Richards to the judgment of the reader, with the sincere hope that it may prove effectual and trust-worthy in all possible cases.

To the Editors of the New York Commercial Advertiser and Spectator.

MAD DOGS.

Gentlemen—Perceiving by the last Spectator that great excitement prevails in New York, in consequence of a number of persons having been bitten by dogs, supposed to be in a rabid state, I take the liberty of forwarding to you the copy of a letter (obtained per favor from a friend) from Guy Richards, Esq. St. Andrews, Lower Canada. It will be remembered that that gentleman caused to be published in the New York Observer a recipe against hydrophobia. During the past winter it was noticed by my friend, and wishing to be better informed on the subject, he wrote to Mr. Richards for information on the subject. He propounded to him the following question, viz:—1st. How do you prepare the lime? 2d. What part of the egg is to be used? 3d. Should reference be had to the constitution by proportioning the dose? 4th. Have any symptoms of hydrophobia ever appeared in after-life, in any case where this medicine has been taken? 5th. Does it produce costiveness?—if so, is physic necessary? 6th. How long have you known it to be administered? 7th. Were any of the wounds very severe? 8th. What external applications do you make to the part bitten? 9th. Have you ever known the medicine to injure the constitution? 10th. Do you know the origin of the medicine? 11th. In how many instances have you known it to be administered? 12th. Have you ever known it to fail?—The answers to the above questions are given in Mr. Richards's letter. Should you deem the letter, or any part of it, worth giving to the public, you are at liberty to do so;—and should it ever reach the eye of Mr. Richards, it is to be hoped he will pardon the liberty taken in causing it to be published.

Yours, respectfully,

A SUBSCRIBER.

New York Mills, July 24th, 1836.

COPY.

St. Andrews, Lower Canada, April 7, 1836.

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 28th ult. came to hand on the 5th inst. When I saw the account in the "Observer," that a person had been bitten [illegible]

From the Philadelphia Exchange Books.

LATEST FROM THE SOUTH—IN ADVANCE OF THE MAIL.

By the arrival of the Steamboat South Carolina, Capt. Coffey, at Norfolk, from Charleston, left Friday morning, July 29, we have received from our correspondent, the Charleston Courier of the 29th; Mobile papers to the 20th, and N. Orleans papers to the 19th.

Charleston Courier Office, }
July 29, 1836. }

FROM ST. AUGUSTINE.

By the schooner S. S. Mills, Captain Southwick, arrived yesterday, we have received the St. Augustine Herald of the 23d inst. from which we copy the articles which follow.—

St. Augustine, July 23.

ANOTHER ACTION AT MICANOPY.

From the extreme unhealthiness of the position, the Commander-in-chief has ordered the abandonment of Fort Drane. The removal of the sick and stores to Micanopy commenced on the 12th inst. A letter from an officer at the latter post received by the commanding officer here on the 21st states, that the first train was attacked on that evening within a quarter of a mile of Micanopy, by three hundred Indians—the action lasted more than an hour, twelve men were badly wounded—many horses killed. Captain Ashby of the 2d U. S. Dragoons, severely wounded through the neck—and Assistant Surgeon Weightman badly wounded through the thigh. On hearing the firing, all the disposable force within the work, at Micanopy, moved out to the support of the escort. Other results of the loss of the enemy is not stated. There were 150 sick at the two posts and many of these reported for duty were in a feeble and debilitated state.

Since writing the above, accounts have been received that the Indian force was 200—that the escort consisted of 80 men, under command of Capt. Ashby, of the U. S. Dragoons, having a howitzer, and that the Indians were defeated—several of our men are mortally wounded.

Extract of a letter.

"I have just seen Henry, one of the negroes of Col. Hallows, taken by the Indians. He says the Indians assigned as a reason for not taking Col. Harrows' negro women, that they wished to take the fighting men, and that a large party would follow them. Henry says there were thirty Indians who said they wanted to fight. They have burnt Col. Hallow's house, Mr. Colt's and Dr. Simmons'. They told Henry they intended to break up "ahead more places," and drive off all the cattle they could find. Henry professed a readiness to go with them and to fight. They gave him a musket, which is now in my office. All the colonel's negroes have been taken off except Hercules.

The Indians said Oceola was in the nation, and that he had not been hurt yet. These Indians said they started from the nation for Col. Harrow's place. They said they saw the colonel on his way from St. Augustine, but he had got too far past. They followed, but his horse went too fast. Henry said they heard that the citizens were leaving St. Augustine. He asked them how long they expected to fight. They said they did not know, but they intended to stop the whites from fighting in a year. Henry inquired the number of Indians, and they told him about 7000. The statement that they were to be followed by a large party, confirmed by telling the negro women "they might go about their business," is worthy of attention."

On Monday last, three negroes, who had [illegible]

Prospectus of THE NATIONAL ATLAS, AND SUNDAY MORNING MAIL.

A new and elegant Miscellaneous Sunday Periodical for the Parlour.

Commence July 31st, 1836.

THE chief object had in view by the Publisher of the National Atlas, and Sunday Morning Mail, is to furnish early on that day, both to the man of business and the general reader, the most interesting and important intelligence from the New York, Southern and Western Saturday Evening Mails—a combination, as we think all will admit, and one of which we accordingly propose to supply.

To the Mercantile or Commercial department, the strictest attention will be paid; and no expense spared that may be necessary to render the SUNDAY MORNING MAIL a welcome visiter to the parlours of all who may have no objection to read, on the Sabbath, the result of those labours to which we are prepared to devote our time and attention on the preceding day and evening, with a view to consult the interests and promote the gratification of our numerous friends and patrons, and the public in general, who, in a large city like Philadelphia, must inevitably feel the want of such a publication as we now purpose to serve up to them,—and which will be found to address itself to the tastes and pursuits of every class of our citizens.

In saying this, we only say what we shall most assuredly perform; and trust that nothing more may be necessary to secure the confidence of our friends, and of the public, in our new undertaking.

Each No. will contain **Sixteen Large Quarto Pages**—a neat size for binding.

A Handsome Colored Map, illustrated by a Geographical description, by a celebrated Geographer, will embellish the publication **Monthly.**

Several Good Engravings will appear in each Number, and a Title Page and Table of Contents, will be added each half year.

A series of Maps of the different States of the Union are now in the hands of the engraver, which, in themselves, will be worth more than the whole subscription.

The periodical will be under the editorial care of a gentleman of approved abilities, who will devote a careful attention to the contents—while no expense will be spared in rendering its mechanical appearance of superior order.

Those disposed to patronize the work, will please give in their names early, as but few copies can be printed beyond the number necessary to supply the demand.

The Geographical portion of the work will not be limited to the United States, but will embrace other interesting portions of the world.

TERMS.—Three Dollars a year, payable (in all cases) in advance, in Philadelphia, free from all charges and discounts.—For every three months delay in the payment of the subscription, an additional charge of 25 cents will be required.

Five Dollars remitted from a distance, at the time of ordering the Atlas, free of postage or charges, will entitle to two copies.

Ten Dollars remitted at one time with the orders, will entitle an Agent or Club to five copies.

Discount on foreign notes, postage, and all other extra expenses, must be charged to the subscribers as the low price of the work will not admit of any deduction or defalcation.

Single Nos. 61 cents—Maps, single, 25 cents.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Publisher,
No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

An Apprentice Wanted.

WANTED, an apprentice to the Silk and Beaver Hatting business, between the age of twelve and fifteen: one from the country would be preferred. He must come well recommended. Apply to BROWN & WEST,
aug 27 '35—1y No. 4 south 4th street.

White Italian Mulberry Seed.

JUST received, and for sale at the office of the Saturday Evening Post Fresh WHITE ITALIAN MULBERRY SEED, of this year's growth, put up in papers of half an ounce each.

Also—WHITE SILK WORM EGGS, by the thousand.

[illegible]

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavours.

The following is the answer to the enigma, that appeared in the paper on the 16th ultimo.

"Washing—ton."

The following lines on G. H. Kates, the Young American Tragedian. The Editor of the Salt Transcript says they are like the author's acting, delightful.

LINES,

Oh what is love, a sorry, sorry thing,
Which predisposes young men to straight jackets,
Ah! broken hearts, and broken heads they get,
And then they're shipped from home in merchants' packets.

The ocher strangers in the Captain's cot,
"Mind you keep him wet-sock," he young mariner,
"And when the rogue's on deck, please ship a sea,
"I'll pay for all protracted discomforts."

Daughter's of Eve, the fairest and the best,
Subject in love, because in
The reason why you now so bad sometimes,
And prompts many to take you up in classic.

Flowers and I, you'll say are very strong,
To cry were cupid down; for all the poets
Wear out their grows quite, and their elbows too,
In writing, and some times with what to show it
All fal de rol for folks to try to teach us.
Thus lovers are most wonderful creatures.

Think as you please, but when you're *Cupid proof*,
That a love reached the "little middle of forty,
I'll lay a wager that you'll cry all alone.
And Tom Moore could not write such stuff, oh, ough!

A PATENT LAB.—"Ben," said a father the other day to his delinquent son, "I am busy now—soon as soon as I get, get time, I mean, I will have a flogging for you." "Don't hurry yourself, pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

MILITARY.—" Fuller confers and gentlemen sojourn," said a Connecticut Scotchman who had just been appointed to the honourable station of corporal in a company of militia yesterday—"I'm terribly obliged to ye, for gracious! getting me a kempanie, for the fairest o destination if I can't eat our Jo Gawky row, and go Full Higgins in spite of broomsticks and pokers, too."

DUEL OF APPEARANCES.—" Mother, mister—don't that now." "I've got no stomper." "Hand her, I've got it." "Her hend is on the right side." "Turn her." "Her skin is on the right side." "Come now, ch, can't you speak to her." Good morning, Mrs. Cow?"

The editor of the Eastern Democrat pens a dozen many questions to his correspondent with asking a "friendly favor!" If he has that opinion of us, as we wonder he as a fool of paragraphs.—Patriot.

WOMEN PATRIOTS.—Lamth Rokie, Esq., who made a tour through Russia in 1832, thus speaks of the description of the peasants:—

"It is peculiar to St. Petersburg, and consists of small hemispheres sewed from a piece of raincoat, and laid into a bed of crushed stones and sand. These are hammered heavily into sand one week before egg nog, when the whole forms a plain surface, the interstices are filled with fine sand, and then boiling pitch as poured over all. The pitch, from the various causes of the wood, is soundly absorbed, and on a quantity of wood being strewed above it, the surface is complete, and a pavement is constructed which is found to be extremely durable."

HUMAN MORTALITY.—It is generally supposed that the earth is inhabited by one thousand millions of men, or thereabouts and that in thirty years a new generation, and therefore that in thirty three years there are one thousand millions. Thus the number of those who die on earth, amount to each year, thirty millions; three thousand millions in a century, and of course, forty times that number previous to the Christian era.

FADDY AND THE ECHO.

"Patrick! where have you been this hour or more? you must not absent yourself without my permission."

"Och, more in one of it, that is the like, sir."

"Well give an account of yourself, you seem out of humour."

"Faf the same I am sir, I never was in such fear since I come to America. I'll tell ye about it, sir, when I get my breath restor'ed."

"I heard a yelling in the garden of the wonderful beast, sir, near in the woods, behint the big hill. An' I thought to myself or it, that is how the poor crathers or and found, sir, and so down I run, by the powers! Well I just run into the hill, sir, and I scratch sir, to encounter a bit with the wonderful creature. So and when I got there, sir, I see a man enough to frighte anie. 'Hello, tatie, hello!' me name myself.' I thought that was very queer, sir; an' I said hello again. 'Hello, you spalpeen,' said he, 'what's brought it line?' 'What the divil are ye made of,' said I. 'Blast your eyes, you bloody lookin,' he said. 'Is it bathers screamin'd, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, I'd hammer ye till I'd make ye sick for ther ye or wasn't know the meanin' of.'

"And what do you the lookin said, to that sir?

"Scamper to loose of a Paddy, said he, 'or laste if I catch you, I'll break every bone in your body for you.' An' I hit my head with a big acorn, sir, and was nigh knocking the brains out of me head. So I run as fast as ever I could, and passed as all the mates, I'm here to tell you of it, sir."—*Sunday Morning News.*

Gunnel Duel and Queer Result.—A very loudly looking German was in with a beautiful young lady, whose house he was only in the habit of visiting—another gentleman was looking partner to the one in the autumnal of the same lady, and his suit was fervent, while the unfly gentleman was cast off. The latter challenged the former to mortal combat, and they met with rapiers in their hands to fight a duel. The only one, who was of course the most valiant of the two, after trying in vain to deprive his hatred of every of his life, at last caused a desperate blow at his head, which, though it caused no injury, yet left wound, and actually cut off the good looking man's nose. It and scarcely cut off, the good looking man's nose. It and scarcely cut off, the good looking man's nose. It being that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with his face extended, eagerly bent forward with the intention to pick up his own property and restore it to its former position. But the German seized the intimate, that, darting forward with the rapier at the door, he made his escape, and with such speed, as passer's him reached a bad ground to run, and soon distanced his late mate; but instead of attending to his own, he applied it to that of his late countenance, when a course of time it became firmly fixed. The ugly person of course had the sympathy of nations, as for they would not marry a man with no nose; but the other knew, made he as borrowed one and passed the hand of her delicious. Her reply was. "My dear sir, your nose is out of joint."

DR. FRANKLIN.—The leading property of Dr. Franklin's mind, great as it was, was its fairly well made faculty of observation, and not long apart from other men's the gentleman, in truth, of all his powers, was good sense, nothing else. He was not a thinker, in the genius; there was no brilliancy about him; little or no heroic or romantic quality or disposition—and he was by the soul, strong, continued operation of his human, enlightened, practical mind, he came to be a leader in the world of action—came to succeed—more in the ornamental, the wonderful, or the sublime. He stood on he was, that few hundred others might have done, since, in fact, they did, make letter, more eloquence, and more brilliancy.

VIRTUOUS POVERTY.—If man did but know what felicity dwells in poverty, what sound sleep, what relish wholesome food, what magnificence there is in rags, what majesty in a straw cottage, what a luxury in plain living and high thinking—he would fly from the palace to the cottage, from the couch of state to the implements of husbandry, from the hall of entertainment to the chearful board, from the trappings of greatness to the simple garb of nature, and from the stately train of flatterers to the modest simplicity of virtuous friendship.

A CURIOSITY.—A friend has handed us the following, being a copy of a notice posted by Lord Lonsdale, who formerly owned land in Northumberyort, in one of the counties of England. We think the number of signatures a very amusing, and the documents as a whole, cannot but result in much fun and merriment:—

Whereas I, Lord Timothy Dexter, having been struck informed that several noblemen, gentlemen, farmers, shoemakers, tinkers, cobblers, peddlers, hunting, shooting, fishing, rowing, sailing, and other sporting persons, all the said sporting persons of various descriptions together or any gender, having been, and still are in the habit of coming on my grounds, and my other adjacent and other lands which the tenders of my late thereof, and also which the tenders of my present estate, Dalcastian, Carmenstrack, Tubmanstan, now both occupations, and persons of various other denominations, trespassing on my said said property, and destroying the game thereon, and also my fish in the river Tweed, I will and have my gamekeepers, for blotch-nosed farmer that lives, and for blotch-nosed farmer that lives, and for noted butter Lily, with my rusting tubes in my hand, I will and have my gamekeepers, Asa, Asia, Africa and America, and I can meet you in a certain under a spout time of Saturday next, at Isaac Belzebub's house, and can never find you.

Hare, rye to-morrow, turnips, thistle, vegetable, lamb, weed, setting gated, and tumbleleaf potatoes, that I have not found out yet, and can never find you in my garden. I will deliver you to Cerberus, who will fury you around the fiery pit, and deliver you to the very arch devil Lucifer, at the mines of his infernal location, where you will be tried with the angels of darkness in and consequences before the ever burning mount Etna.

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.

CURE.—THE BEST SECRET.—The hatter of a lotch called "Dandy Jack," thinks that he has found the true secret and age to the unfashionable desire to deer over their ears, and has therefore invented a kind of sample bag to contain the hot drinking whiskey, and because the more fashionable, and thus intends to be blown into a flame by the slightest touch of cigarettes. Were that to set on the house which they cannot, and would shoot into a cup of air, the accident effect of the mode and young would be immediately common. Respectfully bend would no longer content himself to remain in the room of night, but would go to bed and sleep soon to bed, and descend Christian people, the whole time, now an assist and hats, would not then bend that bend, and the mistake ion of stupid head that they do tend to grow.

"Why, you brute! you fend I" cried the gentle Espinella, "are you bend of your senses to kill tenderly your best horse ?"

"No, madame, I shall serve all around me thus that dare my wishes. Whoever sees my bend, shall obey my will."

"Aye marshan; yes you must be so, if you will. See! you have destroyed the finest horse in the service of the Pope, and have injured your own consequence. I think I overheard his holiness (but I dislike your manners has no terror for me—) have known you too long.

Rivero was silent; his spirit drooped, and the hair became conscious.

"What have you gained by this, vain man, except self-reproach, shame and loss?

The unfortunate husband returned to his brother and narrated the failure of his efforts to soothe his wife's temper and comfort; and blessed Pizarro for exposing him to the sense and the laughter of the neighbors.

"My dear brother,' answered Pizarro, 'it was foolish to make the attempt. To have slain a serviceable animal was a crime, and could only bring contempt upon the proprietor: but you have been altogether wrong. The wife should tremble at the sound of her husband's footsteph as the servant does at that of his master. Fear not, reader, that I am about to present you with a long wooden description of a breakfast or supper, a dinner, or a ball. Such is not my style, nor the strength and authority becoming the proper writer.'

From the American Monthly Magazine.

THE HIGHEST PRIZE.

A TALE OF TRUTH—IN THE STYLE OF THE DAY.

There are few strangers who have ever paid a visit to our ancient metropolis, but have spent at least one day to the wonder and beauties of Nahant. On that wild and rocky promontory, nature has done all that promises much to the Atlantic ocean, and opposing to the fairy hand an unpromising mass of barren rock, presents many charms to the proper reader.'

Few, nor, reader, that I am about to launch into a long wooded description of its localities or sea-prospects, shame and pity me by saying I've read a page of the London New Monthly Magazine, or some more splendid exaggerations, and tell the wonder-loving John how Nahant has been buried, based on the shores of old Rocks, rosses like a pinnace on the surf whenever old Boreas and his sons blow, and how the Indians were the aborigines of the Nahants. But, now, dear reader, I would appear only as the simple historian I am.

In whatever direction you approach Nahant by water, your attention will be principally drawn to appearance of its pretty hotel. The building is enormous, containing, I believe, from two to three hundred rooms about it. It looms up through an easterly fog with such a magnificent air, that you would be ready to call an orphan, stamp it as an antique reveal with its location, and so, with a scort of the pot, re-male in modest Latin, "Hic est domus Johannis Bulli." Its proportions are very rare, according to the last authorities ?)

Well now, said Jack, as the two gentlemen were attempting to dislocate the limbs of their chairs by their restlessness, "I'll wager you haven't heard any of Sinbad's voyages," I'll wager you haven't heard the story of the man who went to sea for a wager?"

"No! no! the story! the story!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Then, gentlemen," said the storyteller, "that all we know about this Mr. Templeton is that he is rich, vulgar, and monstrous. Whether he is a native of the Emerald Isle, he's a special ambassador from the Court of St. James—but that's all fudge. The man is rich, and that's the main thing. Every body keeps it secret its among ourselves—my lady says? The other night—you know the ball at Mrs. Jenkins—Templeton—entering his room"—exclamation on interest—found—Templeton, sitting on a table, with his servant Jacob Tomkinson, sitting on a table, with his servant beside him, drinking brandy and water, and full, singing the execrable verses of Jim Crow."

It was a lovely sunset, the calm waters of ocean glowed like the purest gold, and the rocks of Rose and there a willow and flickered on its yellow bosom. The much sailed in the distance, and the gulls, skimming a rocky beneath with a very interesting chirp, and the whole scene was one of beauty and cheerful, rather vulgar looking man, with a green coat and yellow vest, and a face like a full moon, and a pair of black gaiters. His companion was much younger, and had a pair of rich velvet breeches and two lions on his buttons.

"My dear Florella," said he, "you see clearly that there is no chance for me?"

"I'm very sorry, and what of that?"

"And you see that there are a pair of stout calves? Would they not look well in silk stockings, Florella?"

"Oh no, my dear! you shall see what I mean. Take hold of my leg and feel the calves. There: that's right. Now I will hold the other.

"Well, sir, what do you think?

"Take, my dear Florella, one of these stakes as a present from me."

"How long sir, do you suppose I shall continue this nonsense?

"Oh! just a moment. Hymn are ready now to commence, my dear, and you will have the goodness to attend. Let us hold on to the fore chair and heat each other, and now if you please, we will commence."

The singing commenced, and above all, her soft-toned Florella was heard to the best advantage. Before they were domesticated, he had discovered her family history, her total neglect of economy in every thing but fascination to command